



HASHIMURA TOGO=DETECTIVE

by WALLACE IRWIN



THE GREAT MONKEY MYSTERY; OR, THE REAL REASON FOR REPUBLICAN DEFEAT

To Editor Sunday Star, hoping he feel very Constitutional this morning.

Dear Sir:

"OH" have doubtless noticed by recent news-print several type-page articles a bout Hon. Prof. Garner, African menagerie man, and his intelligent monkee, Miss Suzie. You noticed this. And with the great horse-power of your brain, you are doubtless aware that this Miss Suzie, though of humble ape origin and family, is enabled to show many marvelous symptoms of high political development, including conversation.

Clad in fashionable trousers of suffragette appearance, she can read and understand the novels of Robt. W. Chambers, sign her name to public documents, pronounce the name of Charles E. Murphy in three languages, and when the word "Tariff" is mentioned she will chatter with monkey banzais to the top of the chandelier and wave an American flag for 15 complete minutes. She can perform arithmetic with all her fingers and toes. She knows the difference between Woodrow Wilson and Grover Cleveland. But when asked, "What are the difference between a Cannon Republican and a Tammany Democrat?" she answer, "Search me!" which are the correct reply.

Altogether this Miss Suzie show all the advantages of sending respectable monkeys to Yale and Harvard.

Mr. Editor, you doubtless read about this Miss Suzie with humorous eye-sink. You doubtless noticed her unusual comedy qualities and thought thoughtfully, "When Miss Suzie goes on the stage I shall be there frequently."

But O! when you know what I shall tell you about this Miss Suzie you shall cease for sniffling! She was not brought to America for scientific or other idle purposes. Miss Suzie is a Republican plot, and she was imported to wreck U. S. Govt. Why she didn't do so Nov. last 8th was brave accomplishment of me & Nogi, which I shall explain.

Several months previously to now, when Hon. Republican Party was still there, thank you, me & Nogi was wandering past Arlington Cemetery, Wash. D. C., where we went with our historical minds. Of suddenly, while thusly walking, we observed a very peculiar sight. A Human Man came strolling down silent path accompanied by a Monkey. That gentleman was clad out in frockaway coat, silk-pipe hat and put shoes, peculiar to persons wishing to call on Senator Lodge. That monkey lady was wearing green negligee pajamas, a Mary Gardner hat and a smile of jungle attractiveness. They were engaged in aggravated conversation.

"Miss Suzie," say Prof. Garner—for it was him, "you must be entirely polite to these gentlemen to-day, because

they are very high-up personalities." "I shall do whatever possible," response this monkee with slightly African accent.

"You must not eat peanut, or manure your ears with your feet, or any other menagerish trick peculiar to baboonery," narrate Prof. Garner.

"Oh no, sir, I never shall!" report Miss Suzie, carefully lighting a cigarette with her big toe.

"Everything depend on the impression you make today," revoke Prof. Garner. "For these politicians before which we will lecture are so important in the Republican party that they may

found walking in a graveyard chattering about Republican politics, it look very muckrakash to me."

"This would be nice jobs for Detectives," suggest Nogi. Therefore we put on our deceptive moustaches and follow doggishly after that gilly couple.

By shady lane full of conservation trees, Prof. & Suzie stop and make soft whistles. 2 other whistles heard from behind tombstones and, of suddenly, 3 fat Republican heads was thrust forthly. Miss Suzie make Chitqua salute.

Prof. Garner remove off his silk-pipe hat. With serious footsteps them 3 Repub-

litchness," say Postoffice Hitchcock with hansom blond expression. "Let us talk like business managers. What was your object in bringing this Monkey to us so sneekrely?"

"To prove that monkeys are human and therefore qualified to vote," corode Prof. Garner fearlessly.

"How shall you prove this?" require 3 Republicans nervously.

"By simple anthology," say Prof. Garner. "What is a Man? He is a two-legged quadruped who wears a hat and ain't got sense enough to keep still when spoken to. The same is true of Women, only more so. Monkeys, like men, are also two-legged quadrupeds, but they have hitherto been supposed to be mere brutal mammals because they could not speak English."

"How foolish!" report Miss Suzie with girlish voice.

All them Statesmen halt backwards when they hear this.

"I observe this baboon can talk very nicely," suggest Senator Smoot. "What other qualifications to vote do she possess?"

"She has read the Declaration of Independence and can write a letter in correct English," say Prof.

"Many District Leaders can do far less," relapse Hon. Hitchcock.

"Let us hear some of her education," say Senator Smoot.

"Suzie," require Prof. Garner, "who discovered America?"

"Columbus discovered it, but John D. Rockefeller was the first to see its possibilities," chatter Suzie, cutely catching flies with her left foot.

"Who is the Father of his Country?" examine Prof.

"Washington," report this brite monkey girl. "But Hettie Green is its Aunt."

"Who freed the slaves?" enquiz Hon. Wickersham shyly.

"Eugene V. Debs," suggest little Suzie with Barnum movements of ears.

"You see," conjugate Hon. Garner to them Republicans, "Miss Suzie have got more misinformation now than the average voter. True, her sex disbars her from casting a ballot, but I have showed you her education to prove that male monkeys of equal intelligence and social charm should be permitted to cast a vote for the Republican party."

"The Constitution do not say that monkeys can vote, reing Hon. Hitchcock, postofficially.

"It doesn't say they can't," modulate Hon. Prof. "And silence gives consent even in the Supreme Court."

Senator Smoot, assisted by Boss Lawyer Wickersham & Postoffice Hitchcock, think thoughtfully.

"For what price of money can you furnish the Republican Party with one million monkeys capable of voting the straight ticket," require Hon. Hitchcock, who is a business man, even in his wildest patriotism.

"In 1888," say Prof. Garner, "I founded in Africa the Congo Baboon College. From them trees of classic knowledge

we have now turned out over a million gentleman graduates. For three dollars apiece I shall be willing to ship these voters from the jungle to any State you wish with instructions to vote for the finest tariff ever passed."

"How would you get so many monkeys over here?" require Hon. Smoot.

"Already I have chartered an ocean liner," say Prof. "Two weeks" previous to now the Pink Star Liner Lillypooza sailed from Cape Town with a cargo of 1,000,000 cultivated monkeys. I guarantee each one of them to be capabillous of casting a vote. If not, money will be refunded."

"Already I am less discouraged," de-

So they fade to trees. When they were went, I say with sharp poke to Nogi:

"This must stop before it begins."

"How to do so?" require Nogi.

"We must discover that vessel Lillypooza before it bumps to New York," I snagger, with voice full of bullets. So we walk forward.

One week afterwards Hon. Wellman, talented Columbus of Atlantic City, was expected to make sail-off for Europe or somewhere else. Me & Nogi, disguised to look like cans of gasoline, croll inside that baloon, and firstly we knew,

with monkeys. Closer and more closely we approach up to that ape-boat. With nervous opera glasses we could distinctly read in front porch of this floating menagerie the word "LILLYPOOZA."

"Nogi," I whisper baffably, "we must catch this boat now or neverly!"

Our Wellmanship was now floating exactly over that vessel. In one seconds more Hon. Equilibrator would smash over the front porch of the Lillypooza and every monkey's son on board would be drowned.

"Follow me with immediate quickness!" I holla to Nogi. And before we could imagine, we was clattering down

thing intelligent. SCRASH! What was it?

I will explain. Hon. Equilibrator, pfg-iron tall to Wellman baloon, had swang with territorial force & knocked his break-hole in side of steam ship Lillypooza. O hord truth! We was sinking!

With wet rush of damp water that gallant boat begin going downward. From smoking room, saloon and bridal suites below come elaborate yalls of 1,000,000 monkeys which begin clomping on deck making conversation in 12 European languages.

"Who done it, please?" require one dog-face mandril with Depew whiskers. "It is completely outrage!" suggest one orang-outang putting on a life-preserver over his English overcoat.

Nextly from below stairs come roar like a wounded Trust. All monkeys turn pale with frightened fear. They rosh to masts, spars and front porch of vessel, hoping to be minus.

Nextly with elaborate holler and peevd snarl a "gentleman Gorilla of Jefferies appearance rosh to deck exclaiming in perfect English.

"Who done it? Who done it? Let me get my thumbs around him!"

First humane object he seen on deck was me & Nogi. With angry rage quivering from his toes, he start to approach us.

"I shall meet you in New York," I holla to Nogi, while I make Anette Keilerman footsteps in direction of railing. "I shall meet you there first," exclaim Cousin Nogi.

Next sound was two Japanese splashes on the Atlantic ocean. Me and Nogi grab a hardware box which we find floating amidst us. By gradual degrees we could observe Hon. Lillypooza, with her cargo of monkey voters, sinking offwards, dipping deeper and more deeply into water. Dimly through our opera glasses we could observe Hon. Gorilla leaning over railing and addressing us with Tammany language.

Thusly we was left alone in the midst of danger enjoying hopeless despair while observing entire Ocean dancing around with local option expression. We was deserted, and so was the Republican Party.

Hoping you are the same Yours Truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

1912:1 Who Or What Will Be Next President Of U. S.?

TOGO, THE DETECTIVE, HAS FOUND OUT THIS DIFFICULT INFORMATION.

Catch it Next Week in "THE SIGN OF THE DOUBLE CROSS."

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"SHE WILL WAVE CLABBER WITH MONKEY BANZAIS TO THE TOP OF THE CHANDELIER, AND WAVE AN AMERICAN FLAG FOR 15 COMPLETE MINUTES."

do a great considerable to help the monkey business in America."

"I shall obey with all my soul," say she apely.

Thusly talking arm in arm they elope onwards among tall tombs.

"Nogi," I collapse to my cousin, "this seem deliciously unnatural."

"What do?" negotiate Nogi.

"When a Prof and a Monkey are

beans come baffably forth. Me & Nogi, smuggled softly among the herbs, could see who was. It was Boss Attorney Wickersham, Postoffice Hitchcock and Senator Smoot.

Deep breathing by us.

"Gentlemen, this is Miss Suzie of Congo," deplore Hon. Prof. Election-day shake-hands by all.

"Let us not stand here making empty



"NEXT SOUND WAS TWO JAPANESE SPLASHES ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN."

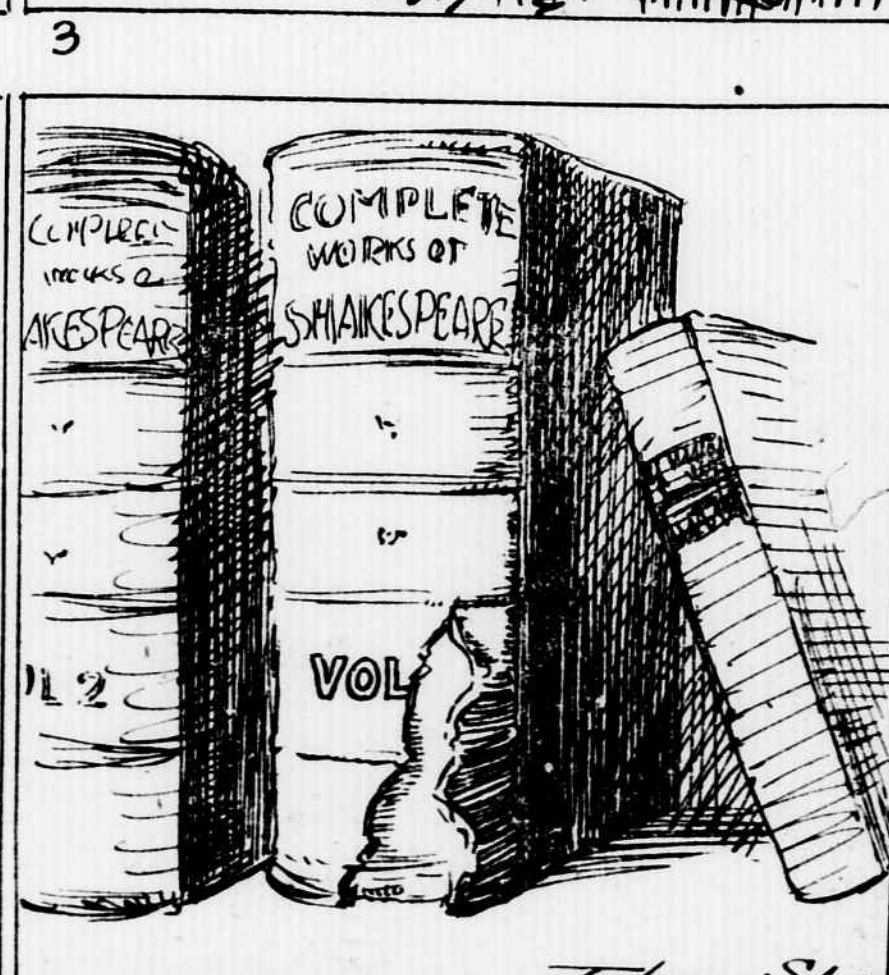
plore Hon. Hitchcock. "If them monkeys gets here before next Congressional Election, all won't be lost."

So them 3 Statesmen give hand-clasp to Miss Suzie and departed offwards, eggs. One brite Wednesday p.m. Nogi, peeping from life-boat of this airship, seen something which cause him to holla with voice:

"Togo, Togo! come hitherly!"

I approach with scrambles and behold! In the exact center of the Ocean was a huf steam-ship entirely covered begin Nogi, but before he could say any-

WHAT NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN FRENCH WRITERS ARE HERE PICTURED?



Watch next Sunday's Star for answers to above. Answers to last week's puzzles—"What Titles and Terms Used in Diplomatic Service?"—are: No. 1, Persona Non Grata ("Person Anon" "Grrr" Rat "Ah"). No. 2, Consulate (Kahn's Ewe Late). No. 3, Consul ("Am," "Bah," Sad Oar). No. 4, Minister (Minnie Stir). No. 5, Embassy (M Bus Sea). No. 6, Credentials (Cur Redden "Shalls"). No. 7, Commissioner ("Come Miss Shun 'er"). No. 8, Diplomat (Dip Low Mat). No. 9, Legation (Le Gay Shun). No. 10, Ambassador.